

That's My Girl by therealfarklenation

Category: Stranger Things, 2016

Genre: Humor

Language: English

Characters: Eleven/Jane H., J. Hopper, Mike W.

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-01-09 19:11:58

Updated: 2018-01-09 19:11:58

Packaged: 2019-12-17 03:34:45

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,402

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: In which Eleven gets sent to the Assistant Principal's office, and Hopper has to pick her up from school. Takes Place in a hypothetical season 3.

That's My Girl

Another one! I'm addicted! Oh, well. Yeah, so this one is majorly influenced by that one scene in the Incredibles when Dash is in the Principal's office for something he did with his powers. idk, I thought it worked pretty well (I mean, kids with superpowers, amirite). Anyway, I hope ya'll enjoy!

Setting: Season 3, Autumn.

Song: I Confess - The English Beat

Rated: PG 13

Mr. Kowalski was... a dick. Was that the right word? Did she use that right? El couldn't tell, exactly. There were so many insults Dustin had introduced her to over the past year, it was hard to keep track of them all. The safest bet was probably to stick to the basics. The classic "mouth breather" seemed to fit well when describing Kowalski. She'd use that one, just because she was sure she was using the term correctly.

Eleven despised Mr. Kowalski before she had even stepped foot in his classroom. From all of the stories Mike had told her, the Algebra teacher was a monster of a man; a greasy, mean, old mouth breather who loved to pick on the slower students in his class.

Mike Wheeler was one of those students.

During his eighth-grade year at Hawkins Middle, Mike was able to encounter the notorious high school teacher face-to-face before becoming a freshman. It was during the fall, day 335, to be exact. Yes, that was when they had first met. Mike had accidentally crashed his bike onto the old man's lawn, and instead of coming out to see if he was okay, George Kowalski began to reprimand him from his front porch about how "he had ruined his beautiful front lawn" and that he was either going to "pay for the lawn-care expenses or fix it himself."

Mike was frozen, mostly out of shock from crashing his bike so

violently (he had never crashed before, not since kindergarten or first grade), but also out of complete disbelief of what was coming out of this man's mouth. He mindlessly grazed his thumb against his knee, finally realizing the extent of his wounds. Blood. Blood Everywhere.

But Kowalski pressed on, "I know you... You're a Wheeler, aren't you? Yes, you are! Your sister's Nancy Wheeler! She whores around with that Byers boy... That freak family..." It was quite clear that he had been drinking. He slurred and stumbled as he drunkenly raged from his front porch, "Should expect it from you anyway... With that whore sister of yours, and you hanging around that Byers family... That's it. They're probably rubbing off on you two. *Joyce Byers*... That insane woman. I always knew she was bad news, had her back in the '60s... Bad news, bad news... Always knew she'd never make it far from Hawkins... What's her boy's name? Her youngest? Bill? Will? Whatever his name is, he was better off dead if you ask me... Better off at the bottom of the damn quarry, swimming with the fishies..."

That was when Mike cracked.

He doesn't remember the situation very much, only that it was the first time he had dropped the f-bomb in front of an adult (three times in one night, actually). Needless to say, he was there, Sunday morning, on account of a furious (and drunken) phone call home about an hour later.

No, El did not like Mr. Kowalski at all. Not one bit.

"I appreciate you coming down here, Chief." Assistant Principal Hughes sighed in relief as Hopper slowly edged his way into the office.

He glanced down at El, who sunk lower into her seat, avoiding any and all eye contact with her adoptive father. He frowned, *Shit, what did she do?* Hopper respectfully took his hat off, and sat down next to El, across from the Assistant Principal, "Uh... Yeah, it's... no problem..." He grunted, eyes falling upon Eleven again, "What's going on? Has Jane done something wrong?"

Mr. Hughes opened his mouth to speak, but was interrupted by none other than George Kowalski himself, "She's a disruptive influence, and

she openly mocks me in front of the class."

Hughes shrugged his shoulders, "Well, George, nobody has really confirmed anything-"

"No! Look, I know it's her! She had that shit-eating grin on her face right after!"

"George!"

"Oh, don't *George* me, John! She knows it! I want that little freak expelled! And her freaky friends!"

The Assistant Principal rose from his chair, "That is *enough*, Mr. Kowalski!" He turned to El, eyes softening, "Jane, I'm so sorry-"

"Oh, you are NOT letting her get away with this-"

"George! You've made your point quite clearly, I think you can return to your class now."

The older man opened his mouth to retaliate, but closed it with a huff. Still fuming, he briskly turned his heel, and made his dramatic exit. Mr. Hughes shook Hopper's hand, apologetically, "You and your daughter can go now, Hop. I'm so sorry for the trouble..."

"No," The Chief replied, somewhat confused from the sudden outburst, "No, it's fine... Thank you."

"Thank you." El smiled meekly to the Assistant Principal, following Hopper out of the office.

"Oh, you're gonna get what's coming to you, Ms. Hopper! You hear me? Another stunt like that, and I'm making it my mission to get you expelled!" They could hear Kowalski calling from the hallway, as the both of them wordlessly made their way through the school's main doors, "Expelled!"

"So..." Hopper put his hat back on, still parked in the school's parking lot, not even bothering to start the Blazer, "You got something you wanna tell me about school?"

El squirmed from the passenger's seat, eyes fixed on her shoes as her father's literally *burned a hole* through her soul, "Um... We... Di... Dies... Di-sected a frog, today?"

"You know what I mean, El."

She slowly rose her head, finally facing what she had feared the most that day, "I... I know..."

He lit a cigarette, beckoning for her to continue.

"He... yelled at Mike. In front of everyone. And... And Dustin tried to help, but..."

"But what?"

Eleven bit her lip, aimlessly toying with the lock on the car door, "He's not nice, dad... He kept yelling... Mean things. I had to do *something*."

Hopper instantly softened, that always happened when she used that word. The d-word.

He sighed, massaging the temples of his forehead with his bear-like hands, "You're a smart girl, Ellie... But that was just..."

"Stupid. I know... I shouldn't do those things in public. It's not safe." She quoted the speech he'd made to her on the first day of school.

"Yeah." He puffed his cigarette as a calming silence fell upon the vehicle, the tension of the day washing away through each passing second. Hop eventually broke that silence, shooting her a lopsided grin, "What did you even do?"

She smirked back, allowing a giggle to escape her lips as he put the key into the ignition, "Well..."

"C'mon, El..."

She buried her face into her hands, "I gave Mr. Kowalski an... accident... in his pants." A loud, messy, pungent smelling accident, indeed.

Hopper's jaw dropped. He gaped at her, wide eyed, "You made old George Kowalski poop his pants? In front of the whole class?"

She pulled her hands away from her cheeks, and nodded guiltily, the sly smile still plastered to her face.

He reached over, ruffling her curls. El tried (and failed, miserably) to bat him off, choking on her laughter in the process.

"That's my girl!"

Like it? FAV AND REVIEW, IT MAKES ME HAPPY! just be nice, okay? im still a fragile bean.

ALSO: I'm thinking of starting a oneshot thing with prompts and stuff. Can be romance or friendship or family or anything. So if you want to send me some prompts, just PM me or tell me in the comments! I'm not guaranteeing I'll do all of them (bc sometimes ppl send some freaky things), but I'll try to do the ones that stand out to me!

LOVE YOU GUYS, HANG IN THERE! WE ONLY GOT A YEAR 'TILL SEASON 3!

BYEEE